Being nere so little vrgd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vsurped throne,
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare to hate, and hate turnes one or both
To worthy daunger and deserued death.
My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.
King Doubly diuorst, (badde men) you violate
A twofold marriage, betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me and my maried wife.
Let me vnkisse the oath betwixt thee and mee:
And yet not so, for with a kisse twas made.
Part vs Northumberland, I towards the north,
Where shiuering cold and sickneſſe pines the clime:
My wife to France, from whence set foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or shortst of day.
Queene And must we be diuided? must we part?
King I hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.
Queene Banish vs both, and send the king with mee.
King That were some loue, but little pollicie.
Queene Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
King So two togither weeping make one woe,
Weepe for me in France, I for thee heere,
Better far off then neere be nere the neere,
Go count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.
Queene So longest way shall haue the longest moanes,
King Twise for one stepi le groane, the way being short,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come come in wooing sorow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is such length in griefe,
One kisse shall stoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart:
Queene Giue me mine owne againe, twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart:
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may striue to kill it with a groane,
King We make woe wanton with this fond delay,

Once

Once more adew, the rest let sorrow say. *exeunt.*

Enter duke of Yorke and the duchesse.

Du. My Lord you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story
Of our two Coosins comming into London.
Yorke. Where did I leaue?
Du. At that sad stop my Lord,
Where rude misgouerned hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.
Yorke Then (as I sayd) the Duke great Bullingbrooke,
Mounted vpon a hotte and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemde to know,
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cride, God saue the Bullingbrooke,
You would haue thought the verie windowes spake:
So many greedie lookes of yong and old,
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that al the wals
With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserue the welcome Bullingbrooke,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his proude steedes necke
Bespake them thus, I thanke you countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he passt along.
Du. Alacke poore Richard, where rides he the whilst?
Yorke As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a wel graced Actor leaues the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scoule on gentle Richard, no man cried, God saue him,
No ioyful tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face stil combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience,
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pitied him,